
Das Kapital



Any Word has hidden a fragment of Soul
Like horcruxes loaded with immortality
In writing you can show this matters
By using Capital Chocolate Letters

Take for example the Quipus of the Inca's
Words interwoven with knots and strings
Made by hair of fox, lama, guanaco or alpaca
A patchwork of colorful mingled scripts
A vernacular Lingua Franca

Treasured dearly by locals of little villages
High up in the mountains, takes hours
Of winding roads, dazzling abysses,
To have this ancient language exposed

Farmers, daily digging in fertile soil
Made words by their own fair hands,
Fingers toiling, spinning glimmering strings,
On eagles wings, in thin Andes air

A tragedy to notice in our times,
How the use of language is mostly reduced
To functionality of an operational mind,
Possibly supported by artificial intelligence

Worse, as primary use for profitability
Institutionalized by a deranged result-driven
Deculturized education system

Picture the sadness of the Prophet Jeremiah
After the destruction of Jerusalem
Can he forgive the people of Judea?

Few children nor adults are interested
Anymore in the doors to our Soul,
In words, sentences, stories, songs.
Stored Capital from our ancestors
In a Dead and Living Poet Society.
Instead, longing to enrich literally

Words becoming transactional
Or even worse: Just. Sound. Bites.
To incite large audiences in
Hate campaigns on vermins
And Marx Brothers

Fuelling xenophobia once again,
Words used as a cold touch of horror,
Insensitive mass incentives, replacing
A warm subtle touch of Grace

Back to the Middle Ages 2.0
I suggest to do it thoroughly:
Embrace the eloquent Quipus
As the language of Tomorrow